

Neva Die Alone (feat. Tragedy Khadafi)

Capone-N-Noreaga

[Tragedy Khadafi, through voice processor]

Huhuhahhahahha.... oh shit! Haha...

The invincible - CNN

The unstoppable - CNN

Lebanon, Bosnia, Kuwait, Iraq, Syria - yo, yo, yo[Noreaga]

Yo icepick, Arabic, Saudi Arabia

My clique roll thick, rip shit, like WrestleMania

Saddam Hussein - president of what I claim

Still the same name, tied to this shit like I'm to blame

Then maintain, gettin' this CREAM with bloodstain

2-5-to 'cause the crew stuck in the game

A quarterly, you vs. me, and try to slaughter me

The door was locked - top lock stuck, bad luck

Come out the elevator - k-tone, like "Nigga what?"

Arab Nazi - play the low, [???

What up though - 151, we smoke 'dro

Brown bags - tons of hash get smoked

Yo that real shit - pro'ly make you bleed down your throat

Then choke - coughin' up the murder I wrote

I smoke spanky - hit it hard, mega hard

Then burn it down under the ground around guard

I rented - bitch on my dick then I presented

Diploma - keep her wide open in TONY roma'

Back shots - Holiday Inn about to bone her

And cold own her - drop her off inside Corona

With pistolo - call me tomorrow on the 'Rola

The Ayatollah - strike back you're just a soldier[Capone]

For them thug niggas holding their gats and never scared

I'm prepared - every day get bent on beers

Play the corner close - quick to jump on the toast

Dead shot - take your knot, dun and get ghost

While you talk fronting - walk fronting like a villain

Soft something - so hot what a feeling

Mo' with the ice chillin'

Roll dice make a killin'

want to see twice a million

No love for a got civilian

Mix-a-lot in the spot yellin'

For a second, freeze dealin'

Back to business
Pump 'til the pack finished
Stack spinach
Mad bent, crash renters
Full enough to whip somethin'
A-alike twist somethin'
Henny got my shit sunken
Stay drunken
Wit' a bop, holdin' your cock(yeah!)
Pushin' weed drop(hahaha!)
Yeah the game don't stop(don't stop nigga)
Let the beat drop
Bring it back to the top
Just for them thug niggas, chicks and hard rocks
Street to cell block
Rock to Comstock
Movin' like a flock of Arabs in war-lock[Tragedy Khadafi]
Makin' on blocks a four-carat stone
Infrared chrome
In Kuwait I await skull and crossbone
In my own zone, Motorola flip-phone
The infrared on the Giorgio Armani specs
Blowin' tecs at the opposite sex
For the six-figure check, my slug injects
When the god lay to rest
My seed is next
I was blessed with a thug's caress
And a dime's finesse
Titanium chest and bubble vest
(Yeah... titanium chest and bubble vest...)
My pop's dead now it's too late to warn me, inform me
D's want to plant ki's on me
Eternally I want to sleep
Without the venom of a snake nigga tryin' to creep
Stakes is high and a thug's blood runs deep
The Jakes want to see me layin' under six feet
Or so it seems, now my team work against me
They can't stop my money move - it's too intensely
Khadafi, I plant bombs where the Feds be
I'm like Moses in the middle of the Red Sea
With infrared and a case full of hundred G
Leadin' my thugs to the land of [?Kiami?]
With no cops, pure coke growing on the tree
Arab Nazi
Tommy Hill and Nikes on

Guerrilla rap song
Yeah- CNN guerrilla rap song

Songwriters

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